THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 26, 1804.

ACCOUNT *of* BONAPARTE's LEVEE.

[From Kotzebue's Travels from Berlin to Paris.]

BONAPARTE was ſtanding between the ſecond and third conſul, who were dreſſed in richly embroidered ſcarlet clothes, but in the ordinary faſhion. The grand judge was likewiſe preſent in his coſtume, which greatly reſembles that of the cardinals. As ſoon as a circle was formed, Bonaparte advanced, and firſt ſpoke to the electoral prince of Wirtemburgh, and then went round to the reſt in ſucceſſion, juſt as other kings and princes are accuſtomed to do to the miniſters of foreign courts who preſent their countrymen on the occaſion. Moſt of the buſts or portraits of him which I have ſeen, are little like him, and many of them have no reſemblance at all. Among the latter is the celebrated picture by David. Iſabey, who painted him at full length, ſtanding, and by whom there is likewiſe a very good print of the firſt conſul, has been moſt ſucceſsful. The new buſt or effigy on the ſix livre pieces, or French crowns of the year twelve, is by far the moſt accurate reſemblance. Whenever I look at it, I fancy that the firſt conſul is ſtanding before me. He has, of late, grown ſomewhat corpulent, which does not become him ſo well; for imagination allows him only ſo much of an earthly form as is neceſſary to be the inſtrument of the mind. I am ſure that none could conceive Bonaparte to be corpulent, yet ſuch is ſomewhat the caſe at preſent, but this probably appears the more ſtriking as he is low in ſtature. His profile is that of an ancient Roman, grave, noble, and expreſſive. Were he always ſilent, his gravity would have ſomething frigid and repulſive; but when he ſpeaks, a placid ſmile gives a grace to his mouth, and produces confidence in the perſon whom he

addreſſes. It was exactly the ſame with Paul I. whoſe pleaſant countenance was irreſiſtible.

Now I am ſpeaking of Paul, I ought not omit mentioning, that the firſt conſul had ſome converſation with me concerning this unfortunate monarch, and teſtified his ſincere regard for him. "He was a hot-headed prince," ſaid he, among other things, "but he had an excellent heart."

The American miniſter ſtood at ſome diſtance from me, and if I remember rightly, I was converſing with him concerning the commerce of his country. This afforded that gentleman an opportunity of dropping a ſlight hint how deſirable the return of peace would be. Bonaparte ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, as if he meant to ſay "It is not my fault." Some words on this ſubject even ſeemed ready to eſcape his lips, but he repreſſed them, and proceeded. He ſpoke with great eaſe and frankneſs on various topics, and when he approached me a ſecond time, the ſtage was likewiſe brought on the carpet. He called us Germans melancholy, and expreſſed his opinion, that the moving, ſentimental comedies were in ſome meaſure injurious to French tragedy; adding, that he was not fond of weeping, &c.

The chief conſul having finiſhed his round, returned to his former ſituation between the other two conſuls, who during the whole time, had not ſtirred from the ſpot. He then bowed, which was the ſignal for retiring, and remained ſtanding until the whole diplomatic corps had withdrawn. Immenſe crowds of inquiſitive faces ſurrounded the Thuilleries, both now and during the parade, but they were kept at a reſpectful diſtance by the ſentinels; and it could ſcarcely be ſuppoſed, that it was theſe ſame gazers, who fired thoſe balls againſt this palace, the marks of which are ſtill to be ſeen on the wall, as the holes were purpoſely left not only unrepaired, but even with the balls in them. By the ſide of each mark is inſcribed in large characters, "The tenth of Auguſt!"

I cannot forbear mentioning here an unpleaſant epilogue to my preſentation to the firſt conſul. The following morning his muſicians announced themſelves, to congratulate me upon my arrival, that is, to obtain a *douceur*. There being but two of them, I thought it would be quite enough if I made them a preſent of a French crown a-piece. With this, however, they were not ſatisfied, and informed me that there were twenty-four in number. I then loſt all patience, but very politely told them, that the congratulation of men of their diſtinguiſhed talents could have no other price than thanks for ſuch an honour, and ſent them away with long faces. Their chief is certainly ignorant of this kind of beggary, and I think I ſhall do ſome good by making it known; for every Frenchman whoſe eye this

may

may meet, will certainly be eager to contribute all in his power to the ſuppreſſion of an abuſe ſo diſgraceful to the honour of the nation.

Obſervations on the late Attempt to deſtroy the French Flotilla at Boulogne, made on the 2d of November, 1804.

THE flotilla at Boulogne ſeems to have occupied the whole attention of miniſters, whilſt the French, content with keeping us in a conſtant ſtate of alarm, are purſuing, without interruption, their own meaſures on the continent. At one time it was propoſed to block up the harbour of Boulogne, and ſhips filled with ſtones were actually prepared for this attempt; but the deſign was too ludicrous to be put into execution.

As the boats could not thus be kept within harbour, the firſt lord of the admiralty, and the prime miniſter, adopted a plan, which, it was confidently urged, would effectually free us from farther alarm. This was to ſend caiſſoons filled with combuſtibles and powder, and fire-ſhips, among the boats, thus to blow up ſome, ſink others, and ſet the remainder on fire. To put the plan in execution, the admiral [Lord Keith] made ſail with his fleet in the Downs, and with the firſt lord of the admiralty on board one of them, to the coaſt of France.

The night favoured their views: the caiſſoons were towed as near as poſſible to the boats, and went off from a contrivance of clock-work, making a prodigious exploſion: the fire-ſhips ſoon after increaſed the confuſion: the batteries on ſhore, and the ſhips of war, kept up a conſtant fire on each other, and there was an immenſe expenditure of powder and ammunition. The miſchief done to the French could not be aſcertained: report firſt ſunk or deſtroyed a hundred and fifty gun boats; more accurate accounts continually diminiſhed that number; but at laſt it appeared, that the number of boats without the harbour was ſcarcely, if at all, diminiſhed by the grand attack.

To what the ill ſucceſs of the experiment is to be attributed, various conjectures aſſigned various cauſes, and many doubted whether it was of a nature to deſerve the previous encomiums beſtowed upon it: for they argued, that the effect of an exploſion from a caiſſoon would be very little felt by boats at ſome diſtance from each other, and fire-ſhips would be ſunk by the batteries before they could do any eſſential injury. If, indeed, the diving boat of the French, which was ſaid at firſt to have done the execution, could be brought within the inner harbour, then it was ſaid, that, from the cloſeneſs of the boats, ſome damage might have been ſuſtained by them; but even then it was

apprehended that the loſs on the part of the French would be more than counter-balanced by the expence of the undertaking.

The number of ſhips of war now cruiſing in the channel, and the immenſe fortifications on the coaſt, make our's a very expenſive ſpecies of warfare, whilſt that of the French is confined only to a few gun boats, and the war adds little or nothing to their national expenditure.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A FRAGMENT.

RETURNING from a very pleaſant excurſion, through ſome of the weſtern parts of Somerſetſhire, I found myſelf on its confines, near Alfred's lofty pile; with awe and veneration I ſurveyed the ſtatue of a monarch, who had ſo highly blended the bravery of a ſoldier, the dignity of a king to the feelings of a man!!! I aſcended the tower, with an intent from its proud gallery to indulge a farewell-bidding view of a county where I had ſpent two of the moſt endearing months of my life; it was a fine morning: the ſky was clear and ſerene: the naked eye could wander and diſtinctly diſcern every object. I was muſing and pointing the track I had followed, when my attention was attracted by an object both novel and unexpected; its appearance bore that of a colliery: its diſtance was but ſhort; curioſity, my motive; I immediately deſcended, and directed my ſteps towards it.

A venerable old man was ſitting on ſome ſcattered timber near the ſpot; his placid countenance ſeemed ſhadowed with the recollection of ſome melancholy event. A tear was rolling on his furrowed cheek, as he looked at the workmen. "This is a new undertaking," ſaid I, bowing to him with reſpect? He roſe, and with a ſign, invited me to ſit by his ſide. "It is," ſaid he, "it is a new and moſt praiſe-worthy enterpriſe, which, ſhould ſucceſs follow, will diffuſe an unſpeakable good around the country: the workmen, as you ſee, are in high ſpirits. After ſinking through a bed 40 yards deep, without the leaſt variation in the ſtrata, they are, this morning, come to a rock of the moſt promiſing appearance, and ſuch, as they ſay, is often found in pits where coals are known to lie under." "I hope and I wiſh," ſaid I, "they might not be diſappointed!!!" "I hope and I wiſh ſo too, from my heart," replied he!!! "Prejudice is ſtrong againſt it, long and long ago it has been conſidered as a matter of fact, that there are no coal mines ſouthward of Mendip; yet, this is urged ſimply upon preſumption, and ſurely none but ignorance, avarice, or ſelf-intereſt, could wiſh to eſtabliſh it *as a truth*: for my part," continued he, "from what I ſee now, and what I recollect

collect of, when a youth."—Here he ſtopped.—Surpriſed, I turned towards him; his eyes filled with tears, met mine; he comprehended my meaning. "See yon lonely cottage on the common, there I received my birth, fourſcore and ten years ago; a favourite ſiſter was the only companion and ſolace of my youth. We grew up together, we lived for each other, and knew no ſorrow, but apart; our fondeſt wiſhes were in each others ſmiles, and happineſs was our lot. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, from ſome extra appearance, was induced to ſeek for coals; he opened a pit near our cot. Our infirm mother had no means of ſubſiſtence but from the labour of our hands; Nancy and I worked at the windlaſs. One day," utterance forſook him—It was ſome time ere he could aſſume ſufficient compoſure to proceed. "One day the bucket was down, and I ſtepped to the brook to fetch a cup of water, when, on my return, lo! my Nancy, my dear ſiſter, willing, no doubt, to ſurpriſe me, had attempted to draw up the bucket; her ſtrength failed her, and the handle of the windlaſs ſtruck her on the forehead. She was lifeleſs. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

November 10, 1804.

Sketch of the Life of the late unfortunate Mr. John Tullock, a well-known Mathematician.

THIS ingenious man was found dead on the 3d of October, 1804, in a garret in Rupert-ſtreet, London. He literally died of want. This extraordinary man was a native of Shetland. His father, who was a poor induſtrious fiſherman, having one day diſcovered a cheſt waſhed on ſhore by the tide, found that it contained a quantity of carpenter's tools, and a few books: when he ſhewed this treaſure to his ſon John, he was ſurprized to find that the boy fixed his eyes on the books, and ſcarcely glanced at the chiſſels and planes. "Oh, father! (ſaid he, after a pauſe and a ſigh), I would give all Lerwick (the chief town of the iſland) to be able to read any of theſe books." "Then (cried the old man, with tears in his eyes), if I live and you live, you ſhall read every one of them, if I ſhould even ſell the cheſt and all it contains, and what is ſtill more valuable, my boat and nets into the bargain." John, who was then about nine years old, was ſent to ſchool the very next day; and in leſs than two years, the pupil outſtripped the maſter, who was allowed by all the iſlanders to be an excellent teacher, as he could read Bunyan's Pilgrims Progreſs from beginning to end. John was not ſatisfied with his ſchool acquiſitions; he was reſolved to try what he could do by himſelf. Amongſt the books "which

had fallen from heaven," to uſe his own expreſſion, he found Hill's Arithmetic.

Notwithſtanding all the difficulties that roſe in ſucceſſion to a beginner, who had ſcarce ever ventured to count beyond a hundred, he was determined to make himſelf maſter of a ſcience that daily extended the boundaries of his mind. In leſs than a year he could ſolve all the queſtions in Hill. His fame as an arithmetician was ſo great, that ſome of the ignorant people thought that he dealt a little in what they called the black art. He was reſolved that the mere knowledge of numbers ſhould not cloſe his literary career; he ſat down to ſtudy mathematics. Nature had endowed him with talents peculiarly adapted to ſtudies of this kind: a mind ardent, yet patient in the purſuit of knowledge, a thorough contempt for what the world calls wealth, and a temperance in diet contributed to health and ſerenity. He was now about fifteen years of age, and as his father and mother were almoſt paſt their labours, he was adviſed to open a ſchool, which would enable him to ſupport his parents in decency. Dr. Young ſays, in alluſion to inſtruction, that

" In giving we receive, and in teaching we learn."

This was verified in young Tullock. In conſulting that peculiar bias which nature has given to every mind, he was enabled to draw many deductions from the queſtions and purſuits of his pupils. Some of theſe queſtions led him to caſt his eyes to the heavens, the native ſeat of philoſophy and kindred arts. Having in time learned to call ſome of " the ſtars by their names," he began to emulate the fame of Flamſtead and Halley. Theſe illuſtrious men, however, would converſe with the living and the dead; they had leiſure, and could view the moon through Gallileo's eyes. But Tullock had none of theſe aids: he was obliged to provide for the wants of the day that was paſſing over his head, and the only time that he could devote to the ſtudy of aſtronomy was at the expence of his humble pillow. A favourite mountain was his only obſervatory, on the top of which he uſed to paſs many a night, even in the depth of winter, watching the motion of the heavenly bodies. At the age of twenty he married a young woman, who in the courſe of time brought him a fine family of girls and boys.

One of his friends, in an unlucky moment, conceiving that his native iſle was too narrow a ſphere for ſuch a ſtar to move in, adviſed him to try his fortune in London, the mart of genius, as he was taught to believe. This advice fell in with our young aſtronomer's wiſhes; he longed to converſe with the learned, to conſult books, and to communicate all that he knew to the world. Accordingly he ſet out for the capital on the wings of hope, and flattered himſelf that in leſs than a year he would be able to

return with a ſum ſufficient to enable him to paſs the reſt of his days in lettered eaſe, in the boſom of his family. He travelled from Edinburgh to London on foot, with a few ſhillings in his pocket. All his golden proſpects were not a little clouded, ſoon after his arrival, to find that he could not even procure the ſituation of a mathematical aſſiſtant in any one of the academies about the city. He had the mortification to experience that talent is often eſtimated by dreſs and addreſs, in both of which he was unfortunately wanting. Diſappointed in all his applications, he opened a ſchool in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. Having been told by a perſon, on whoſe judgment he depended, that all the treaſures of learning were locked up in the Latin; he devoted all his ſpare moments to the ſtudy of that language, and, in the end, made ſo great a progreſs in the acquiſition of it, that he could tranſlate it with tolerable eaſe. He then began to turn his thoughts to chemiſtry, and ſoothed himſelf with the hopes of making ſome diſcoveries in that uſeful branch of knowledge, and of one day emerging from obſcurity. The income ariſing from his ſchool was ſo ſlender, that he was obliged to live on the cheapeſt food, and could ſcarce afford himſelf coal or candle-light. Baron Maſeres occaſionally aſſiſted him; but, ſuch was his modeſty, that even the want of the neceſſaries of life could not urge him to ſolicit the leaſt relief.

Having caught a cold about two years ago, it fell on his lungs. As his health declined, his ſcholars fell off; and, as to friends, he had none that could aſſiſt him. In this hopeleſs ſituation, the thoughts of his family, who eagerly looked out for his return, a ſeries of diſappointments, together with the cold neglect of thoſe who affect to patroniſe ſcience, preyed on his mind, and haſtened his diſſolution. He was found dead in a damp room, with a few ſhavings under his head.

DESCRIPTION *of the* CITY *of* COPENHAGEN.

(Concluded from Page 404.)

WE dined yeſterday with a Daniſh general. The whole company ſpoke nothing but Engliſh; and that language ſeemed perfectly familiar to them all. On this occaſion, I became acquainted, among others, with Captain Hohlenberg, maſter ſhip-builder to the king, and one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men, in that line, in Denmark.

The whole Daniſh navy lies in the harbour of Copenhagen. Though this arrangement is in many reſpects very convenient, yet it is attended with great diſadvantages, both on account of danger from fire and blockades, or ſurpriſes in time of war. The harbour for merchant-ſhips. and that for the men of war are

ſeparated

ſeparated only by wooden piles, or a kind of baluſtrade. Contiguous to the latter are ſeveral iſlands, denominated Holms, upon which are dock-yards, containing every thing neceſſary, not only for the building, but likewiſe the equipment of ſhips of war. The houſe in which the cables are made, is ſaid to be nine hundred feet in length, and I really think it the longeſt I ever ſaw. The thickeſt cables made there are twenty inches in circumference.

We were conducted to the model-houſe, which is not uſually ſhewn in other dock-yards; on this occaſion it was obſerved, that no foreigner is permitted to ſee thoſe at Portſmouth and Plymouth. A complete model of a ſhip of the line was ſhewn us. I think I never ſaw, even in England, any thing more perfect, of more exquiſite workmanſhip, or better calculated to afford an idea of each individual part of a ſhip. The whole can be taken into very ſmall pieces, ſo that every thing may be ſeen in the moſt diſtinct manner. We are told, that ſeveral men had been employed nine years on this model.

Mr. Hohlenberg has invented a new method of building men of war, which conſiſts in decreaſing the width of the ſtern, ſo as to make it much narrower than acroſs the middle, or than the ſhips of war of any European nation uſually are. This method is attended with the advantage, that the three aftermoſt guns on each ſide, may be directed ſo as not only to fire ſtraight forward, but likewiſe to the right and left. I ſaw a twenty-four gun frigate of this conſtruction nearly ready for launching. It likewiſe has this peculiarity, that all the knees are of iron. By the alteration, a conſiderable ſpace is gained in the ſhip, and the movement of the guns greatly facilitated; for as the iron knee is much ſmaller than one of wood, and conſequently requires leſs room, the guns may be pointed in a more oblique direction, either to the right or left. The Engliſh, however, are extremely hoſtile to this new method, and maintain that the knees muſt abſolutely be of wood, becauſe a ſhip is ſo much ſhaken by the firing of the guns, that every part muſt receive and yield to the ſhock: but, if the knees are of iron, inſtead of yielding, they re-act upon the body of the ſhip with greater violence, ſo that it is more liable to injury, and in the end will not laſt ſo long as thoſe with wooden knees.—Time muſt decide who is right.

All men of war built at this place, are of oak. Fir, which the Engliſh occaſionally employ, is abſolutely rejected. The Seeland oak is held in the higheſt eſteem.

Beſides the above-mentioned frigate, a ſeventy-four gun ſhip was on the ſtocks, but not on Hohlenberg's plan. I thought this veſſel very heavy in wood, when compared with an Engliſh man of war of the ſame number of guns, but the Danes obſtinately refuſed to admit the truth of this obſervation. I had before made the ſame remark on the Dutch ſhips.

The whole naval force of Denmark conſiſts at preſent of 24 ſhips of the line, the largeſt of which carries 84, and the ſmalleſt 64 guns. Only one, called Chriſtian VII. carries one hundred guns; but ſhe is too heavy, and conſequently draws too much water for theſe northern ſeas, and is, on that account, never uſed. They could not, or rather would not, tell me the number of frigates and ſmall ſhips, but I know that it is inconſiderable. The heavieſt cannon are thirty-ſix pounders; the largeſt Engliſh ſhips carry 42 pounders, but the Daniſh pound is ten per cent heavier than the Engliſh.

To inſpect the holms, or dock-yards, a ſpecial permiſſion from the court is required. Our names were tranſmitted to the crown-prince, and this regulation extends to all foreigners. Particular precaution has been obſerved in this reſpect, ſince the laſt conflagration.

Every thing is extremely dear in Copenhagen; and though I ſhould ſpend more in the courſe of a year in London, yet here I conſider many articles as dearer, becauſe they are ſo much worſe. When things in general are high in price, it is commonly a ſign of the opulence, abundance, and luxury of a country; but at Copenhagen the rule appears to be reverſed. In England and Holland, moſt articles are dear, on account of the great demand for them; here, on the contrary, every thing is dear, becauſe there is a ſcarcity of every thing. A houſekeeper of the middling claſs informed me, that the family of a citizen muſt live with the greateſt frugality not to ſpend more than 2000 Daniſh dollars (each about 3s. 6d. Engliſh) per annum.

Even wood is uncommonly dear, though Jütland and Norway abound in that material. The fact is, both thoſe countries export the timber which grows in the neighbourhood of water, not only to the Daniſh iſlands, but likewiſe to England, France, and Holland, and conſequently it is not cheap, even on the ſpot: while the immenſe woods which are ſituated at a diſtance from the ſea, and from any river, are abſolutely of no value. Vaſt quantities every year decay, or are felled and burned, merely for the ſake of the aſhes, which are then employed as manure.

If the Danes, in general, be poor, the government is in the ſame ſituation. It is evidently in the greateſt want of money, as every thing connected with it atteſts. It is unable to rebuild the great palace, though extraordinary impoſts have been levied for the purpoſe; Charlottenburg has been reſigned to a private individual; Sophienburg ſold; the Hermitage, a ſmall inſignificant building, is no longer habitable; the Hirſchholm, where 26 years ago the whole court reſided, is falling to decay. Even Fredericſburg, now the principal country-reſidence of the royal family, and where they regularly paſs the ſummer, is in a very crazy condition; and I have remarked certain parts of it, which

no Engliſh gentleman with an income of 3000l. a year would ſuffer to remain near his houſe. As this palace is ſituated near the road from Roſkilde to Copenhagen, we alighted and walked round it. Excepting two centinels, not a ſingle living creature was, at firſt, to be ſeen. We went into the great court which is encloſed by this extenſive building, but a death-like ſilence every where prevailed. At length I diſcovered a ſervant, of whom I aſked a few queſtions, and who, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, informed me, that all the branches of the royal family were at that moment there. On a ſecond viſit I found the ſame ſolitude and ſilence.

The gardens are in the French taſte, and are neither laid out in a grand ſtyle, nor kept in good order. On that ſide of the palace towards Copenhagen, runs a walk ſhaded with trees, bordered by a lofty hedge, and provided with numerous ſeats, commanding a noble proſpect of the city. From this point Copenhagen appears really grand and magnificent. Near it you ſee the iſland of Amack, the ſea on each ſide and beyond it, and the Swediſh coaſt in the diſtance.

The Daniſh government is poor, and is, therefore, obliged to be œconomical. The whole revenues of the ſtate do not quite amount to ſeven millions of dollars; and of this ſum, two thirds are expended in the maintenance of the army and navy. I was aſſured by a Daniſh general, that the number of the land forces was not leſs than 60,000 men, which is an immenſe proportion for a country containing, at the utmoſt, no more than 2,390,000 inhabitants. All theſe troops, it is true, are not on duty during the whole year, and are leſs prejudicial to the population, becauſe a great part of them are foreigners. The navy likewiſe requires vaſt ſums, but, to do it juſtice, it is in the fineſt order.

The crown-prince, who is in reality at the head of the government, exhibits an example of great frugality, ſpending little on his eſtabliſhment, and ſtill leſs on his pleaſures. He is extremely active, and in his character predominate a certain regularity and auſterity, which are probably the cauſe that he is, upon the whole, leſs beloved than, for his many excellent qualities, he deſerves to be.

On the way from Copenhagen to Frederickſburg is ſeen, in the ſuburbs, the monument erected in 1793 by the city, in honour of his preſent majeſty, becauſe he aboliſhed vaſſalage, and ſome time afterwards fixed the term of the duration of the ſlave-trade. It is a large obeliſk of reddiſh ſtone, and of a fine form. Around the pedeſtal are placed four female figures, in white marble, by different artiſts.

There are no other public works of art of any conſequence: you find indeed, here and there, in the churches, what are denominated magnificent monuments; for inſtance, thoſe of Güldenlau

lau and Adeler, in the church of our lady; but, in point of art, they have little merit, and the man of taſte laments ſuch a miſapplication of marble, labour, and money. The above church is pretty, and its ſteeple is reckoned one of the higheſt in Europe. The ſtatues of the kings which I have already mentioned, are good enough for public ornaments, but cannot, by any means, be claſſed with the *chef d'œuvres* of their kind.

We likewiſe viſited the houſes in the city, inhabited by the king and the crown-prince. The reſidence of the latter is a good and convenient habitation for a man of rank. In the apartments of his conſort are ſome good pictures. The few that decorated the apartments of the prince, conſiſted entirely of battles; and I remarked, that the only portrait. excepting one of the princeſs and the buſts of his ſiſters, was that of Charles the Twelfth. The army and navy appear to be the object of his particular attention, and whatever concerns them, his principal occupation. The apartments in the king's palace are tolerably large and commodious; they are furniſhed and fitted up in a reſpectable ſtyle; in a word, as you would expect to find the houſe of a man of quality, who lives in a manner becoming his rank and dignity, but is not fond of pomp. They are not ſuited to the idea of majeſty; but, as I have already obſerved, ſince the deſtruction of Chriſtianſburg, the whole family reſides in private houſes.

In the collection of works of art, in this city, the objects moſt worthy of notice are the paintings, though their number is not conſiderable. I found among them ſome good pieces, and particularly a few by old maſters, whoſe works are rarely ſeen. I remarked, for inſtance, two beautiful pieces by Lippi, a predeceſſor of Raphael, of whoſe productions I recollect to have ſeen very few out of Italy. I ſcarcely ever met with finer paintings by both, than thoſe in this collection. We were ſhewn a copy of the Venus, by Titian, which hangs in the tribuna at Florence,and which we are poſitively aſſured was an original. I likewiſe ſaw a holy family of remarkable beauty, by Honthorſt.

Copenhagen has alſo its treaſury, and, if you pleaſe, its armory; for that name may, without impropriety, be given to Roſenburg, a caſtle erected by Chriſtian IV. out of the city, but which is now encloſed by it. This is a ſtately edifice, and, notwithſtanding its antique, but not purely gothic towers, poſſeſſes a certain air of grandeur. Several articles of great value are preſerved in this place; and among the reſt three ſilver lions, as large as life, as many veſſels of maſſive gold or ſilver, and a moſt extravagant ſervice of gold plate, off which the king eats on certain occaſions. Thoſe who are fond of ſeeing old Venetian glaſs, may here find ſuch a collection as ſcarcely exiſts elſewhere. The fine woven tapeſtry was manufactured in the little

Daniſh town of Kioge, and repreſents occurrences in the hiſtory of Denmark.—The chair in which the king is crowned, is made of the horn of the narwal, or ſword-fiſh, and the queen's is of ſilver. The cabinet of coins, which is alſo preſerved at Roſenburg, is tolerably copious and worth ſeeing.

I was particularly delighted with the extenſive garden contiguous to this caſtle; not that it poſſes extraordinary beauty, or is diſtinguiſhed for the taſte with which it is laid out, but becauſe it is ſituated within the walls of a large city, and the inhabitants can there enjoy the recreation of a walk, while its trees afford them an agreeable ſhade.

SCANDINAVIAN TALES.

RAGNER, ſailing near the coaſt of Norway, was perceived by a beautiful nymph named Aſlanga, who was feeding her flock on the ſhore; inſtigated by the wiſh to pleaſe, ſhe waſhed her hands and face in a neighbouring fountain, and combing her golden hair, which almoſt reached the ground, prepared to meet the ſtrangers. The ſailors, whom Ragner had ordered to land, with the view of procuring water and proviſions, ſtruck with the uncommon beauty of the maid, forgot the commands they had received, and haſtened back to report their diſcovery, in terms of the warmeſt admiration.

The king, whoſe curioſity was ſtrongly excited by the conduct of his men, ſent a confidential friend to invite Aſlanga on board; no ſolicitation, however, could induce her to accept the invitation, until Ragner had ſolemnly pledged his honour, that no attempt ſhould be made upon her virtue. Being then conveyed to his veſſel, no ſooner had the monarch ſeen her, than unable to ſuppreſs his rapture and aſtoniſhment, he, as was cuſtomary at that time, when metre was the language of politeneſs and wit, burſt forth into the following extemporary ſtanza.

"O moſt mighty Odin! what a ſweet and unexpected conſolation would it be, if this young and lovely ſhepherdeſs would permit me to join my hand to her's, as a pledge of eternal alliance!"

Shrinking from the warmth of paſſion, which the enamoured Ragner could but ill conceal, and apprehenſive of the failure of his promiſe, Aſlanga, adopting the meaſured language of her admirer, modeſtly replied.

"O prince, you will deſerve to undergo ſome misfortune, if you fail in your word to me. I have paid my reſpects to the king, and he ought now to ſend me back to my parents."

An anſwer, which ſerving rather to inflame than to depreſs the ardent affection of the Dane, he offered to conduct her to his

his court, and to render her ſituation the envy of the north. At the ſame time preſenting her with a ſplendid robe, which had been worn by Queen Thora, and was profuſely ornamented with ſilver.

"Take," exclaimed he, "take this robe, embroidered with ſilver, which belonged to Thora (the name of his former wife). Rich garments are made for you. The lovely hands of Thora have often ran over this piece of work, and it will be dear to the laſt moment of life to him whom the north hath called the prince of heroes."

"No," replied the lovely maiden, "I muſt not accept of ſo fine a robe, the ornament of Queen Thora. I am unworthy to wear ſuch magnificent garments; a ſtuff, dark and coarſe, is all that is befitting a ſhepherdeſs, whoſe reſting-place is a cottage, and who wanders along the ſandy ſhores tending her flock."

Adopting, however, a language leſs romantic, and more conſonant to common life, ſhe informed the monarch, that until he had given proofs of his ſincerity and conſtancy, ſhe could, by no means, yield to his entreaties. "Finiſh the glorious expedition you have undertaken," ſaid ſhe, "and if, on your return, you ſhall ſtill retain for me the love you have avowed, I will readily accompany into Denmark thoſe whom you ſhall ſelect to attend me thither."

Compelled to accept theſe conditions, the king inſtantly gave orders to ſail, declaring that his love could admit of no diminution, but, that ſoon returning, he would bear her to the Daniſh throne. A few months, as he had promiſed, brought back the victor fleet: and the amorous Ragner, crowned with conqueſt, celebrated, in the court of Denmark, his nuptials with Aſlanga.

To this relation, which Torfeus places among the beſt authenticated hiſtories, I ſhall add two others, which although many more equally appoſite might be produced, will be fully adequate to authorize our inferences.

The life of Harald Harfagre, concerning the incidents of which I believe there is no doubt, furniſhes us with a remarkable inſtance. Harald, who lived in the ninth century, was the moſt accompliſhed character of his age; his features were manly, and ſhaded by long golden locks; his perſon noble and commanding, and his birth illuſtrious; to theſe he added undaunted courage and the moſt winning gallantry, qualities which rendered him the favourite of the fair.

In the genuine ſpirit of romantic attachment, Harald, from mere report, fell deſperately in love with Gida, the beautiful daughter of an opulent Norwegian chieftain, and diſpatched ſome of the moſt illuſtrious perſons of his court to offer her his hand

hand and throne. This offer, which it might be ſuppoſed, would have been embraced with ſecret exultation, by almoſt every lady in the north, was, however, haughtily refuſed by Gida, who declared, that before Harald could merit her love, he muſt eternize his memory by greater exploits than any he had yet atchieved, nor ſhould ſhe deem him worthy of mingling his fate with her's, until he had extended his territories, and poſſeſſed the entire ſovereignty of Norway. The ambition ſo glaringly diſplayed in this refuſal, ſerved but to augment the ardent affection of Harald, who took a ſolemn vow utterly to neglect his beautiful hair, until Norway ſhould have ſubmitted to his power; but valour ſtimulated by love, performed prodigies, and, in a ſhort time, the conqueſt of that kingdom conducted Gida to his arms.

The laſt example I ſhall bring forward, of the origin and prevalence of chivalric manners in Scandinavia, is in the perſon of Harald the valiant, who lived about the middle of the eleventh century. Harald was the moſt daring adventurer of his time: he killed the king of Drontheim in a deſperate engagement; he had explored all the ſeas and coaſts of the north; had carried his ravages into the boſom of the Mediterranean, and taught even the ſhores of Africa to tremble at his name. Nor until he was taken priſoner and conveyed to Conſtantinople, where he was detained for ſome time, did he deſiſt from his piratical incurſions. In an old Icelantic chronicle called Knytlinga Saga, there is preſerved an ode written by this celebrated chieftain, and in which the very genius of chivalry itſelf ſeems to breathe: it has, indeed, as Warton hath juſtly obſerved, "the romantic air of a ſet of ſtanzas, compoſed by a provincial troubadour, for he complains, that notwithſtanding the glory he had obtained in conſequence of ſo many various and dangerous exploits, he had made no impreſſion on Elizabeth, the beautiful daughter of Jariſlas king of Ruſſia.

"My ſhips," exclaims he, "have made the tour of Sicily: then were we all magnificent and ſplendid. My brown veſſel, full of mariners, rapidly rowed to the utmoſt of my wiſhes. Wholly taken up with war, I thought my courſe would never ſlacken; and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me.

"In my youth I fought with the people of Drontheim. Their troops exceeded our's in number. It was a terrible conflict: I left their young king dead in the field: and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me.

"One day we were but ſixteen in a veſſel: a ſtorm aroſe and ſwelled the ſea: it filled the loaded ſhip, but we diligently cleared it out. Thence I formed hopes of the happieſt ſucceſs: and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me.

"I know how to perform eight exerciſes: I fight valiantly; I ſit firmly on horſeback; I am inured to ſwimming; I know

how to run along in ſcates; to dart the lance; and am ſkilful: and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me.

"Can ſhe deny, that young and lovely maiden, that on the day when poſted near a city in the ſouthern land, I joined battle, that then I valiantly handled my arms, and left behind me laſting monuments of my exploits? and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me.

"I was born in the high country of Norway, where the inhabitants handle their bows ſo well. But I preferred guiding my ſhips, the dread of peaſants, among the rocks of the ocean, and far from the inhabitants of men, I have run through all the ſeas with my veſſels: and yet a Ruſſian maiden ſcorns me."

JUST PUNISHMENT *of* CRUELTY.

TO the great honour of the Engliſh while at the Cape of Good Hope, they protected the Hottentots, who, on every account, ſeem to be the beſt production in the form and features of men, of which the colony can boaſt. Something like juſtice was adminiſtered; murder (for a Dutch boor feels not much compunction in murdering a Hottentot) was repreſſed; and the cruelty diſplayed by a boor was puniſhed, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment and indignation, as will be ſeen in the annexed anecdote, which will not be read without emotion:—

The next houſe we halted at upon the road preſented us with a moſt horrid inſtance of brutality. We obſerved a fine Hottentot boy, about eight years of age, ſitting at the corner of the houſe, with a pair of iron rings clenched upon his legs, of the weight of ten or twelve pounds; and they had remained in one ſituation for ſuch a length of time, that they appeared to be ſunk into the leg, the muſcle being tumefied both above and below the rings. The poor creature was ſo benumbed and oppreſſed with the weight, that being unable to walk with eaſe, he crawled on the ground. It appeared, on inquiry, that they had been riveted to his legs more than ten months ago.

What was to be done in a caſe of ſuch wanton and deliberate cruelty? It was ſcarcely in human nature to behold an innocent boy for ever maimed in ſo barbarous a manner, and at the ſame time to look upon the cold-blooded perpetrator without feeling a ſentiment of horror mingled with exaſperation; a ſentiment that ſeemed to ſay it would ſerve the cauſe of humanity to rid the world of ſuch a monſter. The fellow ſhrunk from the inquiries of the indignant General (Vandeleur); he had nothing to alledge againſt him but that he had always been a worthleſs boy; he had loſt him ſo many ſheep, he had ſlept when he ought to watch the cattle, and ſuch-like frivolous charges of a negative

tive kind; the amount of which, if true, only proved that his own intereſt had ſometimes been neglected by this child.

Determined to make an example of the author of ſuch unparalleled brutality, the general ordered him inſtantly to yoke his oxen to his waggon, and placing the boy by his ſide, to drive directly to head quarters. Here he gave orders to the farrier of the 8th regiment of light dragoons to ſtrike off the irons from the boy, an operation that required great nicety and attention, and to clench them as tight as he could on the legs of his maſter, who roared and bellowed in a moſt violent manner, to the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of the by-ſtanders; and, above all, to that of the little ſufferer juſt relieved from torment.

For the whole of the firſt night his lamentations were inceſſant; with a Stentorian voice a thouſand times he vociferated, "My God! is this a way to treat Chriſtians?" His, however, were not the agonies of bodily pain, but the burſts of rage and reſentment on being put on a level with one, as they call them, of the Zwartee Natie, between whom and the Chriſtians, they conceive the difference to be fully as great as between themſelves and their cattle, and whom indeed, they moſt commonly honour with the appellation of Zwarte Vee, black cattle.

Having roared for three days and as many nights, at firſt to the great amuſement, but afterwards, to the no leſs annoyance, of the whole camp, he was ſuffered to go about his buſineſs on paying a heavy penalty in money for the uſe of the boy, whom he had abuſed in ſo ſhameful a manner.

Curious Entries made by the late Alderman Wilkes, and the late Earl of Briſtol, in the Album of the Grand Chartreuſe. in France.

THE following entries were written in the album of the grand chartreuſe, near Grenoble, in Dauphiny, in France, by the abovementioned well-known characters.

"I had the happineſs of paſſing the entire day of July 24, 1765, in this romantic place, with the good fathers of the grand chartreuſe, and I reckon it among the moſt agreeable of my life. I was charmed with the hoſpitality and politeneſs I met with, and edified by the converſation of the *pere general* and the *pere coadjuteur*. The ſavages of the woods, the gloom of the rocks, and the perfect ſolitude, conſpire to make the mind penſive, and to lull to reſt all the turbulent, guilty paſſions of the ſoul. I felt much regret at leaving the place and the good fathers, but I carry with me the livelieſt ſenſe of their goodneſs.

"J. WILKES, *Anglois*."

"If

" If ſecond thoughts are beſt, ſecond viſits are not always ſo. I arrived here on Saturday the 25th of Auguſt, and was obliged by an accident to continue here forty-eight hours. Perhaps, as Richard ſays, ' I outlived their liking :' the general refuſed me the ſight of the library, and the cook the neceſſary food. I quit this place, (to uſe a familiar expreſſion) ' more penetrated with cold than with the civility of the houſe, more loaded with compliments than with food.'

" And after ſeeing two ſwaggering capuchins paſs through the portico, with their paunches as full as their wallets, I cannot help recollecting a ſcripture expreſſion—' He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath ſent empty away.' As to the good fathers, they always remind me of Virgil's ſentiments on the inhabitants of the ſhades below :

" ————Quam vellent æthere in alto
" Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!"

" F. H. B. D."

(FREDERICK HERVEY, Biſhop of Derry.)

LOVE, BEAUTY, *and* VANITY.

FRANCES, ducheſs of Richmond, grand-daughter of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, firſt married, about 180 years ago, one Prannel, a vintner's ſon, in London, who was poſſeſſed of a good eſtate. This match ſeems to have been the effect of youthful paſſion. Upon the death of Prannel, who lived but a ſhort time, ſhe was courted by Sir G. Rodney, a weſt-country gentleman, to whoſe addreſſes ſhe ſeemed to liſten; but ſoon deſerted him, and was married to Edward, earl of Hereford. Upon this marriage, Sir George wrote her a tender copy of verſes, in his own blood, and preſently after ran himſelf upon his ſword. Her third huſband was Ludovick, duke of Richmond and Lenox, who left her a very amiable widow.

The aims of great beauties, like thoſe of conquerors, are boundleſs. Upon the death of the duke ſhe aſpired to the king, but died in her ſtate of widowhood. Her vanity was even greater than her beauty. She affected much ſtate in her houſehold, and was a great pretender to generoſity. She cauſed a ſham inventory of preſents of plate to the queen of Bohemia to be handed about, which ſhe never ſent! The fate of Sir George Rodney was much lamented, and cauſed many poetical effuſions on the cruelty of beauty, and the venality for which it has been ſo frequently diſtinguiſhed.

It may juſtly be remarked, that beauty when accompanied by ſuch diſpoſitions loſes all its lovelineſs, and becomes a diſgrace, as being converted to very criminal purpoſes.

Anſwer, by W. Strong, of Exeter, to J. Squance's Rebus, inſerted October 1.

ON India's ſultry ſhore a city ſtands,
Whoſe name is ODIA, fill'd with warlike bands.

☞ A ſimilar anſwer has been received from A. Kyne, of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by S. Murch, of Exeter, to Primroſe's Enigma, inſerted October 1.

THE gaudy BUTTERFLY behold
Before the ſun's bright ray,
To day its wings juſt ting'd with gold,
And ſoon to death's a prey.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; Inmoratus, W. Bickham, and R. A. Mudge, of Aſhburton; P. Gove, of Exeter; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Channon, of Ottery; G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

A CHARADE, *by S. Murch, of Exeter.*

FROM the immortal realms above
My firſt receives its birth;
And at Jehovah's great command
Deſcends upon the earth:
And when my firſt doth fade away,
My ſecond 'twill explore:
My whole's a flower of Flora's train,
That ladies much adore.

A CHARADE, *by J. Callaway, of Stalbridge.*

IN peaceful ſlumber, and with mind ſerene,
The mother's darling on my firſt is ſeen;
When tempeſts howl, and forked lightnings fly,
And awful thunders ſhake the vaulted ſky;
The hardy tar, inur'd to toil and pain,
Trims his frail bark my wiſh'd for next to gain:
My whole's a realm in icy fetters bound,
When ſcarce a ray illumes the gelid ground.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

I Am a native of this land,
And ſometimes deign to kiſs your hand;
If you by chance with me ſhould meet,
In humble poſture at your feet,
The ſight of me would ſoon impart
New joys and tranſports to your heart.
Sometimes in ſilk I do appear;
Sometimes a meaner garment wear;
Oft-times you'll ſee me dreſs'd in green,
As neat and trim as can be ſeen.
I oft relieve you in diſtreſs—
What am I, Sirs, now, can't you gueſs?
You'll take theſe hints, I make no doubt,
And quickly make your ſervant out.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A retroſpective View of ſome of the States of Europe, compared with the preſent Situation of Great Britain.

ARISE, my muſe, while Europe's nations mourn,
While war and ſtrife from exile ſhort return,
While Gallia's arms ſhine gleaming on her plains,
And Albion's conquering navies plough the main;
While bleeding ſtates lament, from ſhore to ſhore,
The ravage dire of deſolating war:
Their ſires deſtroy'd, their ſons in battle ſlain,
And Gallia's banners waving o'er their plain,
Faſt with the ignoble chains of ſlavery bound,
While half the ſubject nations bow around.
Hail Britain! thou, fair freedom's ancient friend,
Her reign, her walls, her bulwarks ſhall defend.
On thee, the admiring world her eyes ſhall turn,
Where thy bold ſons with pride and glory burn,
Rear their proud creſt, and hurl the fiery brand,
Law to the ſeas, and to the earth command!

O'er Europe's faireſt realms I caſt mine eyes,
Where Gallia triumphs, and where freedom dies.
Lo the poor Swiſs! remote from war's alarms,
Secure and bleſt in peace and friendſhip's arms!
Whoſe happineſs, to blood nor ſtrife allied,
Pariſian pomp, or London's wealth defy'd,
E'en here proud Gaul's vindictive hoſts from far
Blaz'd wide the flames of devaſtating war;
See the poor peaſant leave his rural plain,
Too free to bow 'neath ſlav'ry's galling chain;
Faſt by the warrior's ſides their conſorts wield
The glittering arms, amid the enſanguin'd field;
Their breaſts with freedom's gen'rous ardour glow,
They fight, they fall, before the haughty foe;
Ah! then, fair Switzerland! thy ſons could mourn,
With ceaſeleſs tears, o'er freedom's funeral urn!
When ſtalking round the victors proud were ſeen,
Thy vallies delug'd with the ſanguine ſtream;
O'er thy rude mountains hoſtile banners fly,
And veteran armies brav'd thy inclement ſky!

See where Italia's conquer'd fields extend,
My muſe on hovering pinions ſhall deſcend,
Whoſe ſoften'd ſons, ſunk in unmanly eaſe,
Court every air of pleaſure's fanning breeze;
Amid their ſenate now no Cicero rolls
The tide of finiſh'd diction o'er their ſouls;
Nor "deeds of arms" by Scipio's there are ſung,
A race of ſlaves from ſhades of heroes ſprung.
Slumbering, they reſt amid their myrtle groves,
While the proud conqueror o'er their vineyards roves;
While Rome, the once fam'd miſtreſs of the world,
Sees her grand pontiff from his honours hurl'd;
Sees all her idols, ſhrines, and altars torn,
Nor for her fall ſhall Europe's nations mourn,

Tho'

Tho' to a lawleſs tyrant's uſe apply'd,
The periſh'd wrecks of Roman, faded pride;
Unpitied falls the land, where darkly ſways
The night of ignorance o'er bright learning's rays.

And thou Batavia! long ſhalt thou deplore,
While round thy ſubject plains old ocean roar,
Long as the ſhatter'd ſtate its being hold,
And Holland's name 'mid Europe's realms be told.
What tho' Britannia once could hail from thee
A prince to guard her laws, and ſet her free;
Tho' royal William, of illuſtrious line,
Bade glory's orb on drooping Albion ſhine.
Ah why, Batavia! did thy armies bow,
Or wreathe a chaplet for the conqueror's brow?
Ah! where is now that affluent, plodding train,
That wafted commerce o'er the boundleſs main?
Behold thy boaſted wealth's o'erflowing tide,
Upholds the fabric of uſurping pride!
Thy ſons array'd for war at Gaul's command,
While her proud legions ſcour the plunder'd land.

O liberty, thou bright angelic form!
Waſted and worn, amid the dreadful ſtorm,
From the wide continent of Europe driven,
To ſeek in Albion's ports a ſheltering haven;
Here loſe, fair maid! enclos'd with ſweet repoſe,
The dark remembrance of thy bleeding woes,
While Britain's ſons in armour round thee ſhine,
And daily bow before thy ſacred ſhrine;
Lower the proud plumes of Gaul's imperial lord,
And bid him ſheath the glittering, murd'ring ſword.

But ceaſe, my muſe, unus'd to ſoar in air,
Or tune my youthful ſong to deeds of war.
Nor while I ſweep the lyre's reſounding ſtring,
Or of my country's matchleſs glories ſing:
Let not the ardent invocation ceaſe
For the ſoft bleſſings of returning peace,
When we may hail her on our happy ſhore,
And Albion's freeborn ſons "learn war no more."

Near Shaſton. LAVINIA.

☞ *The editor will be glad to hear again from Lavinia.*

An Ode of Jami, in the Perſian Form and Meaſure, written by the late Sir William Jones.

HOW ſweet the gale of morning breathes!
Sweet news of my delight he brings;
News that the roſe will ſoon approach
The tuneful bird of night, he brings.
Soon will a thouſand parted ſouls
Be led, his captives, thro' the ſky,
Since tidings, which in every heart
Muſt ardent flames excite, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
He paſs'd, and kiſs'd the fragrant hem;
Thence, odour to the roſe-bud's veil,
And jaſmine's mantle white, he brings.
Painful is abſence, and that pain
To ſome baſe rival oft is ow'd;
Thou know'ſt, dear maid! when to thine ear
Falſe tales, contriv'd in ſpite, he brings.